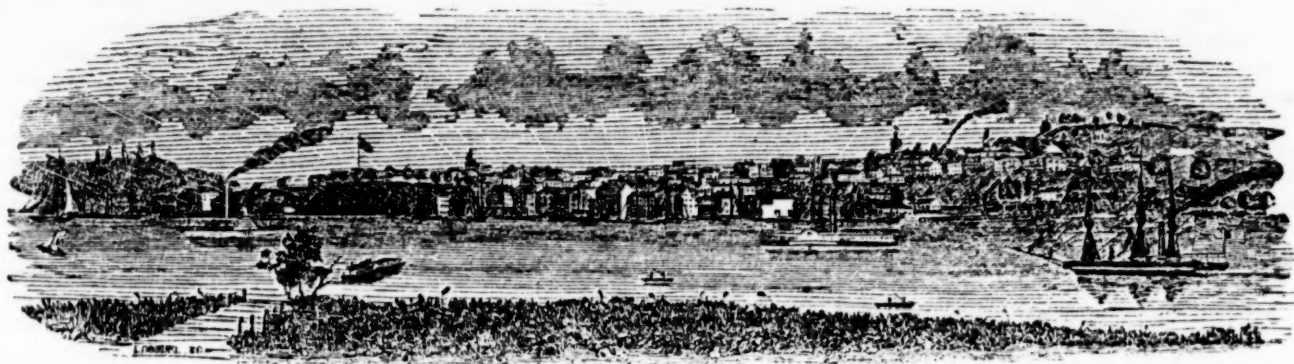


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

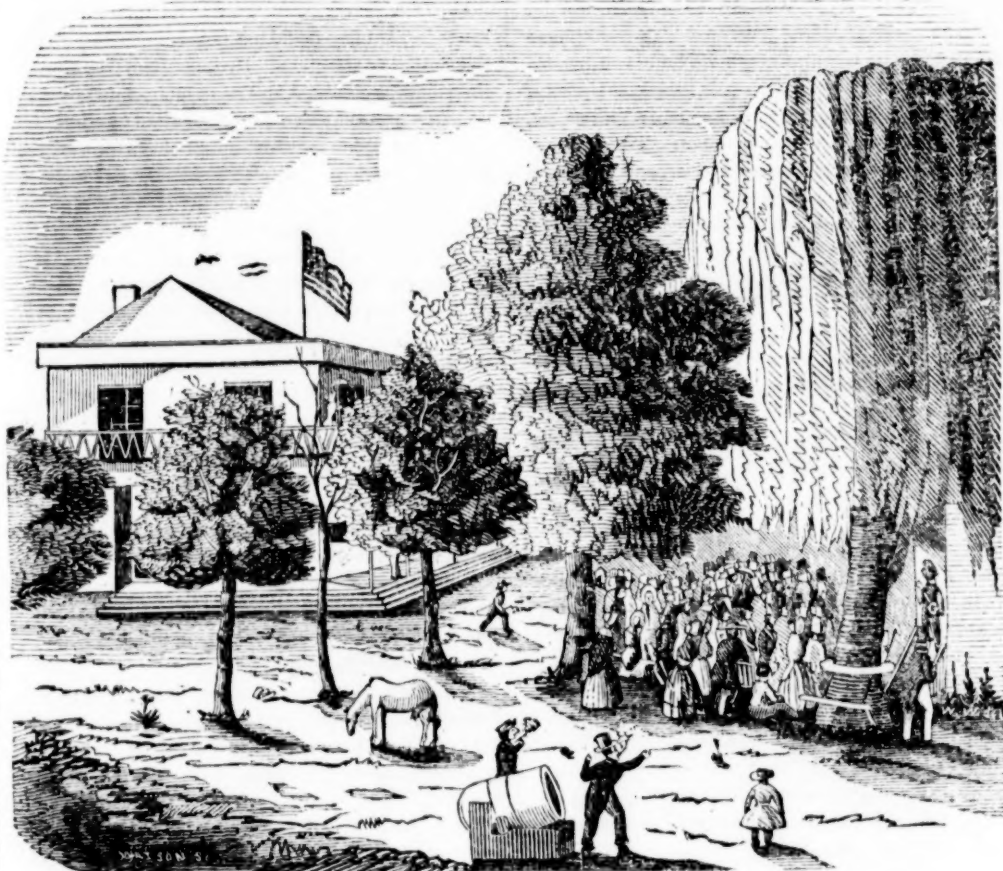
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1846.

NUMBER 20.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN, N. J.



Oh! the days when we went gipsying, long time ago.
OLD SONG.

THE poets of olden time could conceive of no higher foretaste of heaven than for mortals—or immortals either, for the matter of that—to have leave to wander amid a wilderness of evergreens bedecked with roses and interspersed with glassy fish-ponds or limpid streams, and to serve, at the same time,

As a mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters.

We admire the taste and some of the philosophy of those old fellows, heathens as they are deemed by us, who have had to tramp it along with the march of improvement folks; we are inclined to think it

was some adept in the classics who gave the name to those pleasant woods and groves which lie within such a short distance of the weary wayfarers in the peopled solitudes of the city of New-York. Who that has ever luxuriated in the delights of a gipsy party can forget its romping gaieties when the old folks are discussing the goose pie, how the young girls loved to ramble about amid the green alleys, where, under the shade of the spreading beech tree, they can listen to the honeyed words or the soft nonsense of their beaux. We must not however, betray the confidence reposed in us, lest our fair readers should accuse us of telling tales

out of school. But time flies, and the leaves fall, so haste to the Elysian Fields ere youth has deprived you of zest, or winter left their beauties bare.

TALES.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE UGLY EFFIE;

Or the Neglected One and the Pet-Beauty.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

[Concluded.]

Mrs. DUSHANE, who was prepared to wage warfare with one who might rival her daughter, could not help feeling the charm of such affability and sweetness. She wondered who the Mr. Alston was who accompanied her; but notwithstanding his juxtaposition with the attractive stranger, she could not but hope that he was the rich and distinguished individual Heaven had designed for her favorite child.

Music was the order of the evening, and Clara was led to the piano—Miss Horton declining to play first. Being from childhood accustomed to sing and play in public, she had no faltering of modesty to mar the brilliancy of her execution. She sung and played as she did everything else, for effect; and it was generally such as the most exacting vanity could desire. Mr. Alston and Miss Horton stood near her, and evinced, by their silent attention, the most flattering interest in the beautiful songstress.

"And now, Miss Horton," cried the impatient hostess—and "Miss Horton" passed from mouth to mouth, as the circle passed and narrowed around her—"perhaps Miss Horton would prefer the harp."

"She was more accustomed to the harp," she replied, and a splendid instrument was drawn towards her.

Clara was no proficient on the harp, having, in a fit of obstinacy, given up her lessons, because the chords blistered her delicate fingers. She felt a thrill of envy, as she beheld Miss Horton seat herself gracefully before the lyre, such as the "shepherd monarch once swept," and pass her white hands over the strings. At first her touch was soft, and her voice low, and she looked at Clara as if deprecating her criticism; but after a while, looked at no one—she thought of nothing but the

spirit of music that filled the soul, thrilled through her nerves, flowed in her veins, and burned upon her cheek. There was no affectation in her manner—there was enthusiasm, sensibility, fire—but it was the fire from within, illuminating the temple, which its intensity sometimes threatened to destroy. It is true she once or twice raised her glorious black eyes to Heaven, but it was because music naturally lifted her thoughts to Heaven, and her glance followed its inspiration.

"Are you not weary?" asked Clara, after she had again and again yielded to the entreaties of her auditors to give them another and yet another strain.

"No," answered she, rising, "but I must not forget that others may be, notwithstanding their apparent sympathy with an enthusiast like myself."

"Oh! Mr. Delamere," cried Clara, addressing a pale, pensive, and intellectual gentleman, who had stood, as if spell-bound, by the harp, "do not look so reproachfully at me; I did not think of putting a stop to your ecstasy."

"You are right," said he, drawing a deep respiration, "I was forgetting the mortal in the immortal!"

"Oh, that we all, and always could!" exclaimed Miss Horton; "but those who speak of immortality in a scene like this must be singularly bold."

"Perhaps it would be more in keeping by that window, which looks out upon the magnificence of an evening sky," answered Mr. Delamere, with a smile so winning she could not but yield to the invitation; and seated in a curtained embrasure, which admitted the fresh night-breeze, she soon found that she was with a companion to whom she was not ashamed to communicate her most glowing thoughts for she "received the same with usury." He had traveled over many lands—over the countries from which she had just returned—and she felt as if she heard once more the song of the Alpine peasant, the rich strains of the Italian improvisatore, or beheld again the sublime and storied scenes so vividly impressed upon her memory. But at times her abstracted eye told of other subjects of contemplation. She thought of the mother whose unkindness had embittered her childhood, now smiling unconsciously on her neglected offspring, and she longed to throw herself on her neck and ask her to forget the past, and welcome back her no longer ugly Effie. She looked at her sister, on whose angelic face evil passions had left no more trace than the rough bark on the glassy wave, and forgetting the scorn and contumely she had heaped upon her in the first dark portion of her life, she yearned to embrace her, own those smiling lips, and call her by the sweet name of sister.

"Not yet," said she to herself; "I have promised my uncle to shine before them a little while, at least till I have won their admiration as a stranger, and triumphed as another, ere I allow them to recognize in me the hated and ugly Effie."

Surprised at her silence, Mr. Delamere watched her thoughtful varying countenance with an interest that surprised himself. His early history was romantic. In the very dawn of manhood, he had formed an attachment for a fragile and lovely young creature, who expired suddenly on the very morning of her nuptial day, and whose white bridal wreath was placed upon the shroud that mantled her virgin bosom. Delamere, in the anguish of so awful a bereavement, secluded himself long from the world, which, to him, seemed covered with a funeral pall, and devoted himself to the memory of the dead.—

But, at length, the solicitations of friendship, the energies of youth, and the strong necessity of social life, drew him back to the scenes which he had once frequented, chastened by sorrow, enriched by experience, the history of the past written on his pallid cheek, and speaking from his pensive eye. No wonder that the music of Effie's voice had thrilled through a heart whose strings had been so rudely broken. He felt for the young songstress a most painful interest, for he saw she was one born to feel and to suffer: for when were deep feeling and suffering ever disunited?

"Is not Clara beautiful, Dudley?" asked Effie the morning after the sisters met. "Is she not beautiful as the dreams of imagination?"

"She is, indeed most exquisitely fair," answered he; "she has almost conquered my prejudices against blondes. But she is no more to be compared to you, Effie, than a clear cloudless day is to a starry, resplendent night."

*"Thou walk'st in beauty, like the night,
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."*

"Don't flatter me, Dudley," cried she impatiently; "I know its exact value, which few girls as young as myself can say. Let there be nothing but truth and sincerity between us. Now is the time to prove whether the love you bear me is the result of habit and association, or that passion which would have selected for its object, though we had been heretofore sundered as far as from pole to pole.—Unfortunately my uncle's wishes are known to both of us, revealed in an unguarded moment. To me, I acknowledge his slightest wish is a law, and you know my heart has not murmured at his will."

She blushed, and averted her eyes, which she was conscious expressed in still stronger language the feelings she was uttering.

"What is it you mean?" exclaimed he vehemently. "Do you doubt my truth and constancy, when, from the first moment I beheld you, I have scarcely had a thought or wish which was not entwined with you? You were the star of my boyhood—you are the cynosure of my manhood, and age will bring no change. No, it is for me to doubt—not you, Effie."

While this conversation was passing between them at the hotel, where Mr. Horton had put up, incog., for the purpose already explained, Mrs. Dushane and Clara were expatiating on the young stranger who had flashed across their path the preceding evening.

"I do not think her really handsome, mother," said Clara; "she is not fair enough for that.—She reminded me of some one I have seen before, but I cannot think who it is."

"It is the same case with me," said her mother; "I have been trying to think who she is like but in vain. She certainly created a great sensation, and she was very affable and polite to me. How I wish you had not given up the harp, Clara. It's a thousand times more graceful an instrument than the piano. It was nothing but your waywardness. I told you you would repent of it, some day."

"If I did play on the harp," said Clara pettishly, "I would not put myself into such ecstasies at my own music, as she did. I don't believe Mr. Alston admires her singing much, for he talked to me most almost the whole time."

"Yes because you talked to him. But, seriously, Clara, he is a fine-looking young man, and may be very rich. You had better try to captivate him, even, if he is captivated by Miss Horton. How

familiar that name does sound! We must invite them to our house—make a party for them—for they are evidently persons of distinction."

"Not a musical party, mother. One good thing, however, we have no harp here."

The party was given, and Effie crossed once more, with unconquerable emotions, the threshold of her childhood's home. She entered the drawing-room, followed by a train of obsequious admirers, and received by the mistress of the mansion, with all the pomp and ceremony of fashionable politeness. She was magnificently dressed, for it was her uncle's pleasure that she should be so, and Clara felt, with envy and bitterness, that she was eclipsed by the beautiful stranger.

"I will win Alston," if I die, ejaculated she to herself: "for I know she loves him, and it will be such a triumph."

Monopolized as Effie was, with Delamere flitting a pensive shadow at her side, it was difficult for Dudley Alston to claim any portion of her attention. It was therefore an easy task for Clara to monopolize him. She laid aside her frivolity, veiled her vanity, and taxed her mind to the fullest extent of its powers, to interest and amuse him. She had a great deal of tact, and could talk with a fluent tongue, while loveliest smiles gave a charm to the words she uttered. Dudley could not help being pleased with this flattering attention. He knew from Mr. Horton that she was a spoiled and unamiable child and was prepared to dislike and avoid her; but he could not believe aught but gentleness now dwelt in a breast so fair. Effie had entreated him to endeavor to think favorably of Clara, forgetting her childish foibles, and for her sake, he ought to do it. Mrs. Dushane was more and more delighted with Miss Horton, for nothing could be more deferential than her manners towards her. She sought her conversation, and turned from all her admirers whenever she had an opportunity of addressing her. Mrs. Dushane could hardly withdraw her eyes from her face. That haunting resemblance! It vexed and pained her. Once, moved by a sudden reminiscence, she whispered to Clara—

"It is the most ridiculous thing I ever knew—and yet there is something about Miss Horton that really makes me think of our Effie."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Clara, laughing outright; "what would Miss Horton say, if she knew you compared her to such a looking thing as Effie?"

Alston caught the name of Effie.

"You were speaking of some one by the name of Effie," said he;—"I have always admired it since I read the Heart of Midlothian. Is the Effie to whom you allude, as beautiful as the lily of St. Leonards?"

"Oh, no—it is my own sister, whom my uncle adopted, and who is now in Europe with him. She is very far from being pretty."

"Indeed," said he, "is that possible, and your sister, too? Does she not resemble you in the least?"

"No," answered she, with a shiver of disgust: "she is lean, swarthy, and almost deformed; but uncle will give her a large fortune, and that will make up for her defects."

"Perhaps she has improved since you saw her last," said Dudley, and he could not help casting an admiring glance towards Effie whose graceful head was at that moment turned towards her mother, in the act of listening. Effie had been praising the beauty of Clara, and asked if she were an only daughter.

"No—I have one besides," answered Mrs. Dushane, in a confused manner; "but she lives with her uncle, who has adopted her."

"Is it long since you have seen her, Madam?"

"Oh, yes—she was a little child when he took her, and now she is a young lady."

"If she was as beautiful as her sister, I should think you would long to see her," said Effie.

"She wasn't to be compared to Clara; indeed she was as ugly as her sister is pretty."

"Poor girl!" cried Effie, "I hope you did not love her less because Nature denied her the gift of beauty."

"Why no," stammered Mrs. Dushane;—"one can't help their looks. But hers were uncommon."

"Do you think you would know her now, after so long an absence?"

"Yes—I should know her anywhere. She looked like nobody in the world but herself."

A half-suppressed sigh, which followed these words, sounded in Effie's ear like the music of the spheres. She unconsciously echoed it and it was echoed yet again, for the pensive Delamere was lingering by her side, and this token of sensibility interested him more than all the brilliancy of her attractions.

Can she have known sorrow? thought he.—The next self-interrogation was. Has she known love?—and oh! how ardently, how devotedly, thus continued his meditations; such a being must love!—Would she accept the reins of a heart, once impassioned as her own? Would she mingle the unfaded blossoms of her youth with the dark cypress and melancholy yew?

Effie, touched by the soft gloom that hung like a cloud around him, lent a more than willing ear to his conversation. But while she listened to him, thoughts often wandered to one whom Clara kept ever near her, and to whom her eyes turned with an expression of unequivocal admiration. A pang shot through her heart, such as but one passion can inflict. Then another succeeded that she was capable of yielding to such an emotion.

"If he be not mine, wholly mine, heart, soul, and life, I will resign him, though I die in the effort," was the language of the maiden's soul. Her love had hitherto flowed on, a clear, unruffled stream, rising in the green adolescence, its channels margined with flowers, and its current gilded by the sunbeams. Now the waters were becoming troubled, for they were rolling over a rocky bed. Did the rocks betoken that a whirlpool was near, and was the frail bark of her happiness to be wrecked in its vortex?

One morning, when the demon of ill-temper, roused by some pretty disappointment, had full possession of Clara, and proud Mrs. Dushane, as usual, was the victim of its inflictions, a letter was received from Mr. Horton, announcing his return from Europe, and his intention of visiting her immediately, with his adopted daughter. This announcement could not have been made at a moment more propitious, for her spirit was chafed and smarting from the ungrateful conduct of Clara. She sat, however, like one in a trance, for she was ashamed and perplexed in what manner to receive her long estranged daughter. An acknowledged heiress, fresh from the courts of Europe was a being of some consequence, no matter how ugly she might be.

"Poor Effie!" exclaimed she, "I did treat her shamefully, and all for the most selfish and pas-

sionate of human-beings, with nothing on earth to recommend her but a little beauty, of which I am getting heartily sick."

"Oh, Madam Mamma!" cried Clara, who still retained some of the deeply-respectful language of her childhood, "it is too late to sing that song; you are ten times more vain of me than I am of myself. If I am vain, you taught me to be so: if I am passionate, you set me the example. It won't do for folks who live in glass-houses to throw stones. But, good Heavens, what shall we do with Effie at all these fine parties we are making for Miss Horton? Oh! I forget she can talk Greek and Latin and French and Italian. She is a learned lady, and will put me quite in the shade. An heiress, too! Perhaps Dudley Alston will fall in love with her. What in the world shall I say to her? I declare I never felt so strange about anything in my life."

"You had better treat her kindly, if it is only from policy, Miss Clara, for though you deserve it not, she may share her fortune with you—for I remember well the poor thing was generous to a fault."

Clara, upon reflection, concluded to act upon this hint, and she began to think too that it would be a delightful thing to have Effie near, as a foil to her own beauty. She would smile still brighter in the dark beaming eyes of Dudley Alston.

Mrs. Dushane felt in a state of trepidation the remainder of the day. The sound of carriage wheels made her start and change color. The sudden opening of the door made her heart beat almost to suffocation.

"Oh! how I wish it was over," she would say. "If I only knew how she felt towards me. I should feel easy. If I only knew how she looked! She can't help being ugly, though."

About the twilight hour, the carriage of Mr. Horton did indeed roll up to the door, and Mrs. Dushane beheld her brother descend with a veiled lady clinging to his arm. A large shawl wrapped her figure, though the weather did not seem to require such a protection. Even when she entered, they could see nothing of her face through the thick veil that covered it.

"Ugly still!" thought Clara, "or she would not take such pains to hide herself."

"I have brought you back a daughter," said Mr. Horton, after embracing his sister and Clara; "but remember, my sister, if you place the least value on a brother's love, not to wound her feelings again, with regard to her personal deficiencies. She comes to you a good, affection and intelligent girl, who cherishes no vindictive feelings for the past, and who is anxious to show you all the tenderness of a child."

"Only promise to love me, my mother, half as well as you do Clara," said Effie, in a trembling voice, throwing her arms around her mother's neck and leaning her head on her shoulder, "and I will not ask for more."

Mrs. Dushane, completely overcome by this unexpected softness and humility, pressed the veiled figure of her child to her heart, and wept and sobbed till her brother led her to a seat, and calmed her agitation.

"And you too, my sister," cried the same sweet tremulous voice, "let us henceforth love one another."

Clara returned the embrace with a semblance of warmth, but she was dying with curiosity to look

under the green veil and muffling shawl. She saw with surprise, however, that the hand which clasped hers was of exquisite delicacy and symmetry, soft and jeweled as her own.

"Let me take off your bonnet and shawl," said she: "you must be very warm."

The servant at this moment entered with lights, thus dispersing the shades of twilight which lingered in the room. Effie first gave the shawl into Clara's hand, revealing by the act the full outlines of her splendid figure;—then throwing off the bonnet and veil, and shaking back her jetty ringlets; she turned and knelt at her mother's feet.

"Behold your Effie!" exclaimed she, "no longer sullen and unloving, and I trust no longer ugly. My dear uncle was determined you should admire me before you knew my identity, so you must forgive me for having appeared in masquerade. Having assumed his honored name, it was an easier task. I think you liked me as a stranger;—refuse not to love me now."

Mrs. Dushane was so bewildered and astonished and delighted, she was very nearly falling into hysteric fits. When she was composed enough to speak, she repeated in a kind of triumph—

"I said she looked like our Effie—I said she made me think of our Effie."

Clara's blooming cheek turned to the whiteness of marble. The chill of envy penetrated her heart. The fascinating being whom she dreaded as a rival, was then her own sister—so long the object of her contempt and derision. The transformation was too great. It was incredible. Effie met her cold, fixed gaze, and an involuntary shiver ran through her veins. The image of Dudley Alston passed before her, and she feared to think of the future.

Mrs. Dushane was so proud of her new daughter—so pleased and excited by the eclat of the circumstances that attended her arrival, and her house was so thronged with visitors, she had hardly any time to think of Clara. But Clara was not forgetful of herself. To win Dudley Alston, whom she loved as far as her vain heart was capable of loving, was the end and aim of all her hopes and resolves. To win him from Effie was a double triumph, for which she was willing to sacrifice truth, honor, and that maiden modesty that shrinks from showing an unsolicited attachment. She believed that if she could convince Effie that she herself was beloved by Alston, she would be too proud ever to look upon him as a lover, and that if Alston supposed Delamere a successful and favored admirer of Effie's that the same pride would make him stand aloof and forbid him to seek an explanation. Effie was too ingenuous and high-souled to suspect Clara of acting this doubly treacherous part. She felt as only a nature like her's can feel, that Dudley Alston was more and more estranged from her; but she believed Clara was supplanting her in his affections, and disdained either by look or word to draw him back to his former allegiance.

"What do you think of Dudley Alston, Effie?" asked Clara, abruptly, when they chanced to be alone.

Effie's quick blood rushed burningly to her cheeks.

"As the associate of my youthful pleasures—as my fellow-student, and fellow-traveller, he must naturally seem very near to me," she answered, with assumed composure.

"He is very handsome—very pleasing," said Clara, with affected confusion, "and I cannot help liking him better than any one I ever knew: you,

who have known him so long, can tell me whether I may trust him—I will say it, Effie—whether I may dare to love him?"

Effie turned deadly pale—she looked in her sister's face, and asked the simple question—

"Has he told you he loved you, Clara?"

"Good heavens—what a question!" exclaimed Clara, with a look of offended modesty; "do you think that I would have made such a confession, had I not been in the first place aware of his love?"

"No, surely you would not," answered she, in a voice so strange and unnatural, that Clara trembled at the bold step she had taken. She began to fear the consequences.

"What is the matter, Effie?" said she; "are you faint?"

"I don't know," she replied, passing her hand hurriedly over her brow; "but the air is very close here. I will go into the balcony."

She rose as she spoke, and Clara rose simultaneously.

"I would rather be alone," said Effie; and Clara dared not follow.

"The hour of trial is come," thought Effie; "let me meet it without blanching."

She wandered into the garden, and sat down under the shade of the sycamore, where her uncle had found her years before, longing, in the bitterness of her young heart, to die. How long she sat she knew not—she was aroused by the approach of Dudley Alston, who, seeing her sitting like a pale statue there, forgot, for the moment, the withering doubts which Clara had been breathing into his ear.

"Effie, why are you here, sitting so pale and still?" cried he, in a tone of the deepest tenderness.

Effie rose and leaned against the tree for support.

"Lean on me, dear Effie," continued he, passing his arm around her waist, and drawing her towards him; "you are ill—or are faint."

Indignation gave her strength, as she released herself from his clasping arms.

"I can forgive inconstancy, Dudley, but not insult," said she, and the lightning darted from her eyes. "You remember that I told you, if the hour should come when your heart was not wholly mine, I would not wed my fate to yours, though life should be the sacrifice.—Had you nobly and ingenuously told me that you no longer loved me—that my more beautiful sister had won the affection you once thought mine, I would have forgiven, I would still have loved you as a brother. But to mock me still with looks and words of seeming love, I cannot, will not bear it."

"By the heavens above!" exclaimed the young man, vehemently; "I swear this charge is false.—Who dares to accuse me? If it be Delamere, his lily face shall soon wear another livery."

"No, Dudley—wrong not one who is incapable of anything mean and calumniating.—Clara herself has disclosed to me your love and hers, and I here declare you as free from all allegiance to me, as the cloud that is passing over the sun. But she may as well build her home on that thin gray cloud, as trust for happiness to a heart as light and vain as yours."

"Effie," cried he, forcibly seizing her hand, and holding her back as she turned to depart, "you shall not go from me thus. Come with me into your sister's presence, and let her explain this shameful mystery. I have never breathed one syllable to her but the common-place language of admiration. My heart has never wandered from

you toward her, or any other of womankind. Come with me: I demand it as an act of justice—I claim it as a sacred right."

"Yes," exclaimed a deeper voice from behind; "he has a right, and I will sustain it."

And Mr. Horton emerged from an arbor which the foliage of the spreading sycamore partially formed. He had been reading in the shade—one of his daily habits in summer—and had overheard a conversation fraught with intense interest to him. Strange!—the good man despised the character of a listener, and yet it was the second time he had involuntarily acted the part of one, in the real dramatic history of his sister's family. He was indignant and excited, and drawing Effie's trembling arm through his, he led her towards the house with no lagging footsteps. As they came through a back path, they entered the room before Clara had time to escape. When she met her uncle's stern eye and frowning brow, she knew she was to be arraigned as a criminal, in the presence of the man for whom she had bartered her integrity and bartered it in vain.

"I have lost him forever," whispered her sinking heart; "but I will never recant what I have said—he shall never be hers."

"Clara," said her uncle, approaching still nearer, and keeping his piercing eyes upon her, "tell me the truth on your soul's peril—has this young man ever made professions of love to you?"

"I have revealed it to my sister, and cannot deny it to you."

"This is too much!" exclaimed Dudley, turning hueless as ashes—"Oh, if she were but a man?"

"Peace, Dudley," cried Mr. Horton, in a commanding voice: then turning to Clara—

"I remember, years ago, a little girl, who wantonly broke the geranium her mother prized, and to screen herself from blame, boldly accused her innocent sister of the fault she had herself committed. Have you forgot it?—or the shame and sorrow of that fatal hour? Clara, you are still the same—false—false to the very heart's core."

"You always hated me," cried Clara, trying to assume a bolder tone in the desperation of her situation: "you always hated me, and took Effie's part against me. I wouldn't have told her what I did, though I have said nothing but the truth, if I had thought she would have cared anything about it. I'm sure she might be satisfied with her lover, Mr. Delamere, without making such a fuss about a cast-away, to whom I condescended to show some favor."

"Clara," exclaimed Effie, rising her brow from her uncle's shoulder, where she had bent it in anguish and shame during this disgraceful scene—"Clara, you have betrayed yourself by this double falsehood. You know that I have refused Mr. Delamere as a lover, but that I honor him as a friend. I considered such a secret sacred, but you have forced me to reveal it. Dudley, my heart acquits you fully, freely, humbly—for oh, how much have I erred in thus doubting your honor and your truth."

Their eyes met, as they turned towards each other. How they would have sealed their reconciliation cannot be known, for Mr. Horton threw his arms around them both so closely, in his joy, that their hearts beat against each other, while they found a parental pillow on his own. Tears fell from the good man's eyes.

"God bless you, my children," cried he, kissing

Effie's crimsoned cheek, "and make you a blessing to each other. Let not the falsehood and guile of others ever again shake your confidence and love. Let your love be founded on a rock, even the rock of ages; then the winds and waves may beat against it in vain."

During this scene, the guilty, foiled, and consequently wretched Clara, stole unnoticed from the apartment, and in the solitude of her own chamber gave vent to the violence of her long suppressed passion.

"Oh, that I had been born ugly!" she said, stamping in the impotence of her rage: then running to a mirror and gazing on her convulsed features—"I am ugly now: good heavens! how horrible are the effects of passion! Yes mother," continued she—for Mrs. Dushane, who had heard the loud and angry voices below, without daring to enter, fearing in some way that Clara was involved in the difficulty, softly, opened the door of the chamber, and looked anxiously in—"yes, mother, come and see your 'BEAUTY' now! See your own work, and be proud! If you hadn't called me your beauty, your pet, your darling, till I sickened at your flattery and loathed the author of it—if you had cultivated in me one moral virtue, I should never have been the detested hated and despised thing that I now am!"

Poor Mrs. Dushane! she had sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind.

Effie, who pitied her unhappy sister would gladly have shared her fortune with her, but this her uncle forbade.

"If she should be in want and sorrow, you shall relieve and comfort her," said he in answer to her prayers: "if she marries for your mother's sake, you may furnish her wedding paraphernalia; but I will never make her the guardian of Heaven's bounty—never give her the means of administering to her own evil passions."

The UGLY EFFIE, soon a happy bride, became her mother's pet and darling. The "Beautiful" Clara, still unmarried, continued to embitter her peace, and present a fatal example of the evils of favoritism.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE DEAD.

BY REV. E. W. REYNOLDS.

"Oh tombs! what virtues are yours?"—ANONYMOUS.

How sacred is the spot in which lies inhumed the dust of the illustrious departed! How, solemn is each sound that strikes upon the ear, while traversing the "city of the dead!" How many recollections of scenes gone by forever, crowd like a flood-tide upon our memories, as we stand by the "silent receptacle" of all earth's inhabitants! Perchance beneath this cold, green turf, where a solitary rose bush sheds its yearly blossoms, and sighs and bends its fragile form to the rough blasts of winter, lies the mortal remains of one, who shone in the nightly dance—the fairest 'mid the circles of the fair. Perchance to that fair form many a proud suitor has bent the knee, and "plead in Beauties' ear, nor plead in vain." Ah! he may have won the heart, which wealth and affluence had sought in vain; he may have pressed that form—angelic as a seraph's, to his enraptured bosom—his own princely treasure. He may have wan-

dered with her through groves, and glens, and over rushing streams; listened to songs so sweet and harmonious and entrancing, that he almost imagined himself in the celestial regions; and if the age of chivalry had not vanished, might have shivered a spear for her honor. But here his delights were at an end! The "Pale King" drew nigh—that heartless monarch, who grim and fierce, has stricken in infancy or youth, so many a promising flower. The fair one departed—and yet a stronger arm than that king of the tomb could boast, wrested the prize from his hand, and permitted the flower to bloom in lands of perpetual spring. But the disconsolate youth knew it not—he pictured not to himself so bright a prospect! His armor has rested upon the old oak wall, and his spear leans listlessly against a pillow in the mansion hall. Happiness is no more his lot on earth—he shuns the festivities of the gay, and kneels upon the tomb of Elizabeth. O what bliss will be his, when in the spirit world he meets her he loved so truly on earth!

Come friend of Virtue, Genius and Beauty, and read the inscription on yonder marble slab. In her who sleeps beneath, were all those graces combined. Too pure to dwell amid the contaminating breath of the lower world, she was called to the communion of the Just. Weep well thou mayest, thou dear friend of my heart, who hast known her in life, and shall know her in Eternity! Well mayest thou exclaim, "Can it be that that beaming eye has lost its lustre? that that bosom will beat no more again forever?" It is even so my friend, and thou hast well said that the thought of meeting her hereafter is blissful! Oft have I traced with delight the windings of her heavenly muse; dwelt with ecstacy upon the golden precepts which ever rippled in rich profusion—like the waters of a fountain loosed from its mountain head—from her heart of spotless purity; and oft again have I noted the rich flow of Genius—which, like the waters of a placid river—seemed gently to refreshen and give beauty to the musty and parched fields of Literature. But dry thy tears my brother, and live in the hope of seeing the full development of those mighty powers, in worlds of perpetual bliss, where nought shall check the growth of those blissful attributes, throughout Eternity.

Reader, reverence the resting place of mortality! As the poet said so saith humanity,

"Tread lightly! oh! tread lightly
Above the quiet dead!
Crush not a vine nor tender flower
Beneath thy angry tread:
Breathe not a low discordant tone,
Upon the night-wind's breath;
Holy and pure, and blest are they
Who sleep the sleep of death."

There is a startling reflection connected with a survey of the last resting place of mortals. It is this: *Here, ere long we must all repose!* In the language of another: "In the house appointed for all living are to be found all ranks, all characters, and all conditions. Side by side lie beauty and deformity, the wise and the ignorant, the mighty and the weak, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the virtuous and the wicked. Their earthly course is run; the pilgrimage of life is over and they rest from their work—the persecutor has lost his bitter animosity, and the persecuted feels no longer his malice and revenge; the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

When Death approaches, and shakes his iron dart at mortals, all earthly distinctions vanish. In the grave the mighty conquerors of antiquity sleep

side by side with the subject over whom they swayed a tyrant's rod. The imperial banner once borne over the stormy Hellespont, and dyed in gore at Marathon, at Thermophylæ, and at Platea; the bugle that woke the Eternal City, to defend her gates from the arms of Hannibal; the forum that once echoed to the thundering voice of a Cicero, and the rostrum that caught the notes from impetuous Demosthenes; the millions who clustered around the august form of "Philip's warlike son," and for his sake freely shed the crimson on numberless battle-fields; and the crescent star that Mahomed bore over the sandy plains of Arabia—all—all are known only in the records of the past. We stand before the tomb of the wise, and ponder on the life of the sage, whose every hour was devoted to the pursuit of science. How many hours of intense thought have occupied him who now sleeps this "dreamless sleep." He wasted the midnight oil in the acquisition of knowledge, and exhausted all his energies to make his light shine in the world, but now the deep research is ended the speculation of that brain is passed away—his life like the lamp which shed its pale light on the volume of science, is extinguished in the socket; its oil is spent and it will no longer burn to instruct or amuse. * * * * *

"Shall we raise our eyes to admire the proud mausoleum which wealth has erected? It is a splendid monument to enshrine the paltry dust. Perhaps the inscription may tell of munificence and liberality as the characteristic of him over whom it is erected; ostentatious charity is often the besetting sin of wealth. Perhaps the record is justly due to his virtues—of his vices we must look to some other source of information. The hand which inscribes the epitaph is guided by the spirit of charity which brings to light the good; but consigns the evil to the tomb which encloses his body. But by the departed, our praises or our censures are alike disregarded—the benediction of the poor reaches them not; and the malediction of the injured or oppressed disturbs not their repose. Wealth with all its influence cannot purchase a moment's respite from that doom which alike awaits the prince and the beggar. It may raise the monumental pyramid over our remains, and chisel out the costly marble, but it cannot put off the hour which calls for its erection." In the language of the poet,

"The pride of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
Cuba, N. Y. 1846.

BIOGRAPHY.



WILLIAM PITT.

WILLIAM PITT, a celebrated statesman, the second son of the great earl of Chatham, was born May 28, 1759, at Hayes in Kent. The earlier

part of his education he received at home, under the watchful superintendence of his father, who spared no pains to cultivate his talents, and especially to give him habits of self-possession and of public speaking. At the age of fourteen he went to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where his tutor was Dr. Prettyman. In 1780, after having studied at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the bar, but he only once or twice went to the western circuit. He was destined to move in a higher sphere. Early in 1781 he was returned to parliament for the borough of Appleby, and immediately became one of the most distinguished members of the opposition. He began political life as the friend of parliamentary reform. While the earl of Shelburne was in office, Pitt was chancellor of the exchequer. The triumph of the coalition displaced him for a while; but on the downfall of their administration, he returned to power as prime minister. In vain the House of Commons endeavored to effect his expulsion; the parliament was dissolved; and a general election gave him an overwhelming majority. From 1786 till 1801, he continued to hold the reins of government, during one of the most stormy periods of our history; and his admirers have conferred on him the title of "the pilot that weathered the storm." He resigned in 1801; he resumed his post in 1804, and held it till his decease, which took place on the 23d of January, 1806. His dissolution is believed to have been hastened by the disastrous result of the continental coalition in 1805. With respect to pecuniary considerations no man was ever more disinterested and incorrupt, and he died poor. In eloquence he rivalled some of the most illustrious of the ancient orators. As a finance minister he possessed great abilities, though the policy of some of his measures is more than doubtful; but in the conduct of a war he did not shine, for his plans were neither grandly conceived nor vigorously executed.

From the Nashville Orthopolitan.

GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR,

COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

RECENT events have thrown this gentleman so prominently before the public, that we feel disposed to gratify the strong desire expressed by many, by giving some of the incidents of his life.

Gen. Taylor entered the army in 1808, immediately after the attack on the Chesapeake, and has been in the service of his country from that time to the present. Having entered the army a lieutenant of infantry, he had risen to the command of a company at the beginning of the last war.

For his gallant defence of Fort Harrison, on the 5th September 1812, President Madison conferred upon him the brevet rank of Major, and he is now the oldest brevet in the army.

In 1832, he became the Colonel of the 5th Infantry; with this regiment he went to Florida in 1836, where he was always foremost in danger.

On the 25th of December, 1836, Col. Taylor, at the head of a detachment of about 500 men, composed of the 1st, 4th and 6th regiments of U. S. Infantry and some Missouri volunteers, met about 700 Indians, under Alligator, Sam Jones and Coa-coo-che, on the banks of the O-ke-cho-bee. This battle was sought by the Indians, for the day before the engagement, Col. Taylor received a challenge from Alligator, telling him where to find him, and bantering him to come on. Col. Taylor desired nothing better, and immediately pushed on

at a rapid march, to the expected battle ground, fearful that the wily Indian might change his purpose. The Indians had a strong position, in a thick swamp, covered in front by a small stream, whose quicksands rendered it almost impassable, but Col. Taylor pushed through the quicksands and swamps, in the face of a deadly fire from a concealed foe, driving the Indians before him. The action was long and severe. The Indians yielding the ground inch, by inch, and then only at the point of the bayonet. After three hours of bloody contest, the Indians were routed and pursued with great slaughter until night. This is the last stand the Indians ever made, in a large body, and the only instance in which they voluntarily gave battle. Though Col. Taylor won the day, it was at an expense of 149 killed and wounded—more than one fourth of his whole force. Two colonels (Col. Thompson, of the 5th Infantry, and Col. Gentry, of the Missouri Volunteers,) fell at the head of the troops. Capt. Van Swearingen, and Lieutenants Brooke and Carter also fell in the engagement.

During the whole of the engagement, Col. Taylor remained on horseback, passing from point to point cheering his men to the conflict, and exposed to the Indian rifle every moment. The spirit with which the commander and all his forces entered into the conflict, was exhibited in some verses written on the occasion, by a soldier :

There's battle in yon hammock black,
There's lightning in yon cloud,
Hark! Hark! to the music, comrades dear,
For the Indian yell is loud;
For the Indian yell is loud my boys,
And the rifle's flash is free;
But the field of battle is our home,
And happy, happy men are we;
And happy men are we; &c.

For this battle Mr. Poinsett, Secretary of War, rendered merited praise to all engaged, in his communication to Congress. The *brevet of Brigadier General* was conferred on Col. Taylor, and he was given the chief command in Florida; which he resigned in 1840, after four or five years of indefatigable service in the swamps and hammocks of Florida.

After his retirement from Florida, he was assigned to the command of the 1st Department of the Army, including the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, &c. with his head quarters at Fort Jesup, Louisiana.

His position gave him the command of the "Army of Occupation," but the usage of the service would have justified the government in assigning to that command either of the six general officers of the Regular Army, whose rank is higher than his.

But it may be fairly presumed that the high character, gallant services and great experience of Gen. Taylor, aside from his geographical position, pointed him out as the appropriate commander of an army, which was to plant our flag upon the banks of the Rio Del Norte.

Gen. Taylor is about 56 years of age; is a man of much general information, an excellent and tried soldier; a prudent and skillful commander; whose traits of character are: a wise precaution in providing for the hour of trial, and a fearless reckless courage in battle.

He is a Kentuckian by birth, and all that that word implies. He is an American in heart, and stamped with all the elements of a hero, by nature.

Under his command the flag of the Union will receive no dishonor on the banks of the Rio Grande.

MISCELLANY.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

I PASSED up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked slowly toward the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I, however, passed up the aisle until I gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every person appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of words and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence.

Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white-handed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animated character.

I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time upon his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her.—I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart, doubting not the fair young damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself—that were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise?

She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild and romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry and tenderness; and then I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion—her truth. I only prayed that I might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home, alone and on foot. Oh! that the customs of society would permit; for we are surely one in soul. Cruel formality, that throws up a barrier between hearts made for each other! Yet I followed her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced some emotions on recognizing me as the stranger of the day. I then quickened my pace and she slackened hers, as if to let me come up with her.

I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face toward me. My heart ached to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl; that is not my occupation."

"Well, don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly—"I thought when I saw you in the meeting-house, that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half dollar on me, about three weeks ago, and so I de-

termined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and he says if he catches the feller he'll wring his neck for him; and I aint sure but you are the good-for-nothing rascal after all."

OVERDONE POLITENESS.

THE venerable Gen. H— was for several consecutive years returned to Congress, and as the hotels and boarding houses at Washington city in those days were all pretty much on a par, or rather below par, the members were in the habit of occupying, year after year, the same rooms. The table of Gen. H's boarding house (which was kept by a widow lady who had two daughters) was regularly furnished stereotyped dinners, and at one end of the breakfast table there always appeared a *broiled mackerel*. Gen. H. whose seat was near the fish, had gazed so frequently upon it, (for it never was touched except by the cook) that he knew it "all by heart."

Now, if the distinguished Representative had any one *peculiar* virtue, it was an affectionate desire to make every person and every creature around him happy.

Well, in the course of time, Congress adjourned, and Gen. H. paid his bill to the widow and got ready to start for home. The stage stood at the door, and then the old gentleman showed the goodness of his heart. He took the widow by the hand and pressing it, bade her farewell, then kissing the daughters, said he would like to see them in Ohio and furnish them with good husbands, etc. but even this was not all. The black boys, who stood along the wall, were not forgotten, and grinned as he handed each a silver dollar and as he passed around the breakfast table, which was not yet "cleared off," he saw his old friend the *mackerel*. The tears came into his eyes, and raising it by the tail with his thumb and finger, parted with it saying, "Well, good bye, my old boy, good bye! you and I have served a long campaign together, but (wiping his eyes) I suppose we shall meet again next winter—good by!" The old gentleman rapidly left the house, and jumping into the stage, rattled off, and fortunately for his ears, the widow never saw him again.

THE YANKEE AND BRITISH OFFICER.

DURING the last American war a small schooner laden with silks, wines and brandy, belonging to Stonington, Conn. was hailed on her homeward passage from France by a British armed brig, when the following dialogue took place between the commanding officer of the brig and the master of the schooner.

Officer.—"Schooner, ahoy!"

Yankee.—"Hallow!"

"Who commands that schooner?"

"Brother Jonathan used tu, but I do now."

"Brother Jonathan! who the d—l is Brother Jonathan?"

"Why, you must be a darn'd fool not to know Brother Jonathan, every body in town knows him."

"Send your boat on board."

"I don't know whether I shall or not; for the boat's all soggy, and I han't got no new clothes, Brother Johnathan's got a new coat; if he's a mind to go, he may, but I'm sure I shan't."

"Strike!"

"Strike! Why I han't got no body to strike but dad; he's cooking, and he's crazy; and if I

strike him, he'll strike right back again; so it's no use."

"What are you loaded with?"

"Bale goods, and hens and hens' husbands, and hobgoblins, and long faced gentry."

"Where are you bound to?"

"S-t-o-n-i-n-g-t-o-w-n."

(By this time Brother Jonathan had boarded the Brig, where he was compelled to remain until the Schooner was examined by the British officer.)

"Where's your bale goods?"

"There they be." (Pointing to some bundles of clapboards and shingles, which he took out with him on his outward passage, as a covering for his cargo.)

"You blockhead do you call them bale goods?"

"Why sartin! don't you?"

"Where's your hens and hens' husbands?"

"There they be, in that are coop there."

"Where's your hobgoblins?"

"There they be in that are tother great large coop there."

"Where's your long faced gentry?"

"There they be in that are pig sty"

"Have you got anything to drink on board?"

"We had some rum when we come away, but the cag's way down under the load, and if you try you can't get it; so it's no use."

The British officer having received but little satisfaction, and having no doubt become disgusted at the *seeming* ignorance of the *Yankee*, returned on board of his brig; and after ordering Brother Jonathan a *dozen stripes* to teach him wisdom, left the *poor simple creatures* to take care of themselves! a few days after a vessel arrived at Boston with a cargo valued at *one hundred thousand dollars*.

A TOUGH DINNER.

A young Frenchman who had not learned to manage the English language, went to dine with a gentleman, to whom he brought a letter of introduction. The first spoonful of soup burnt his mouth.

"Ma foi!" exclaimed he, "in dis soup is too much summer!"

The next day he wished to order a chicken for his dinner, but could not recollect the name. In his perplexity he turned toward the window, and his eye caught sight of a weather-cock on a church.

"Vat you call dat?" exclaimed he pointing.

"That is a church tower," answered the master of the hotel.

"Den I wish you have the kindness to roast von church tower for my dinner."

THE FIRST OATH.

"My lads," said a captain, when reading, his orders to his crew on the quarter deck to take the command of a ship, "there is one law I am determined to make, and I shall insist upon its being kept; indeed, it is a favor which I ask of you, and which, as an American officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of American seamen. What say you my lads, are you willing to grant your new captain one favor?"—"Ay, ay," cried all hands, "let's know what it is, sir." "Well, my lads," said the captain, "it is this, that you must allow me to swear the first oath in the ship. No man on board must swear an oath before I do. I am determined to have the privilege of swearing the first on board. What say you, my lads, will you grant

me this favor?" The men started, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. "They were taken," says one, "*all aback*." "They were brought up," says another, "*all standing*." The Captain reiterated, "Now, my fine fellows, what do you say, am I to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board?" The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the Captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company announced, "Ay, ay, sir!" with their accustomed three cheers. The effect was good: swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.

I WON'T.

"I won't," said a child to his kind parent, when he had been requested to do a little favor. That child is now despised by his associates, and shunned by the virtuous and good.

"I won't," was the exclamation of a scholar, whose teacher had labored faithfully with him, when he was asked to be punctual at school, and commit his lessons more perfectly. That scholar is now employed as one of the lowest servants in an extensive establishment.

"I won't," said a youth to his father, when requested to learn some honest trade. That youth has now scarcely a coat to his back.

"Don't go any higher."—The late Judge Pease of the Supreme Court of Ohio, was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination into the seventh heaven, and was preparing for a higher ascent, when the Judge struck his ruler on the desk two or three times, and exclaimed to the astonished orator, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court."

THE END.—The end—always have the end in view. If you take a cigar, drink a glass of spirits, violate the creed of virtue, speak an untruth, or lift a copper from your master's drawer, think of the consequences—the end of your course. Will it be pleasant to reflect upon at night? Will it add to your respectability and reputation? If the young would always have the end in view, the number of transgressors would be small indeed.

A GOOD ONE.—A western editor gives the following as the most approved method of killing fleas in those parts: "Place the animal on a small pine board, and hedge him in with putty; then read him an account of all the rail-road and steam-boat accidents which have happened in the last twelve months. As soon as he becomes frightened so as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will starve to death."

READY.—A young man stepped into a book-store and said he wanted to get "*A Young Man's Companion*." "Well, sir," said the bookseller, "*Here's my Daughter*."

SMART BOY.—John, how's your ma? "She's fat and strong—how's your's?" "Feeble enough, I've got so that I can lick her now, and have everything my own way. You don't see me going errands and doin' chores about home, as you used to do!"

"ARE you an *Odd Fellow*?" "No Sir! I've been married a week." "I mean, do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?" "No! I belong to the Order of Married Men." "Thunder! how dumb! Are you a *Mason*?" "No: I'm a Carpenter by trade." "Worse and worse! Are you a *Son of Temperance*?" "Confound you no! I am a son of Mr. John Cosling."—The querist went his way with something of a flea in his ears.—*Albany Citizen*.

A SUPPOSITION.—Suppose a canal-boat heads west north west for the horse's tail, and has the wind abeam with a flaw coming up in the south, would the captain, according to maritime law, be justified in taking a reef in the stove pipe, without asking the advice of the cook?

"WONDER wat's de reason dis saw mill won't go now?" asked a country negro who hadn't seen much of the world, addressing his more "high larnt" village friend. "Dat sucumstance argufies easy 'nough, nigga," replied Congo, "de reason is cause dare am not sufficient number of water."

"MRS. H. do you take cream in your tea?" "No, I thank you, the superfluity of milk, added to the flavority of the heat, renders the conglomeration insupportably obnoxious to my diabolical appetite."

"HE who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord;" and from the miserly manner in which charity is doled out, we infer that the world is not satisfied with the security.

"Is them old fellows alive now?" said an urchin to the teacher. "What old persons do you mean, my dear?" "Why Paul, and Luke, and Deuteronomy, and them."

BEAUTIFUL is the love and sweet the kiss of a sister—but when you haven't a sister handy try your cousin—'tisn't much worse.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

C. B. S. Rodman, N. Y. \$10.00; H. K. Bantam Falls, Ct. \$3.75; G. H. H. Perry Centre, N. Y. \$3.00; G. W. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00.



In this city, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Doct. Waterbury, Edward A. Chapel, of New London Conn. to Sarah V. Pinkham, of this city.

We return our thanks to the above couple for their kind remembrance of the printer.

On Tuesday the 2d inst. by the Rev. Peter S. Wynkoop, P. S. Wynkoop, Jr. to Miss Elizabeth C. daughter of Henry C. Miller, Esq.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Wm. H. Decker, to Miss Susan W. Crossman.

At Williamsburg, L. I. on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Haskins, Charles H. Cleveland, Esq. Editor of the Catskill Messenger, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Elber Cornish, Esq. of Lexington, Greene Co.

On the 21st ult. at Gallatin, by the Rev. Wm. N. Sayre, Mr. Isaac Smith, of Pine Plains, to Miss Maria, daughter of John P. Stickle, of the former place.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Strobel, Mr. Merrick Chaffee, of Somers, Conn. to Miss Lydia N. Phillips, of Chatham.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Strobel, Mr. Samuel Spear, Jr. to Miss Harriet N. Drum, all of Valatie.



On the 21st ult. in Philadelphia, on her return from Florida, Ann Alida Fugleser, daughter of Dr. E. B. and Eleanor Fugleser, of Columbia county aged 25 years.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

BE KIND.

Be kind to all, 'tis duty's task,
To act to each a friendly part,
And acting thus we all obey,
The promptings of an honest heart.

There's nothing gained by sullen frown,
And haughty over-bearing air;
But gentle words dispels the cloud,
And rids the heart of anxious care.

Each should dwell as brothers here,
To live and know each others woes,
That all may sympathize and feel,
The pain and grief each undergoes.

Each should give to each a smile,
A cheerfulness it does impart,
That soothes the drear and weary soul,
And heals with hope the bleeding heart.

For all must know, and all must feel
How kind words light our burden here,
How much they calm the angry mind
And how oft times they check the tear.

Be kind and speak a gentle word,
'Tis better far than threats of wrath
To win that erring one, and cheer
The weary—'long life's rugged path.

Hudson, N. Y. 1846.

J. G. S.

For the Rural Repository.

PROCRASTINATION.

I HEARD a child presuming on to-morrow,
Ere the third summer of its life had flown;
Ere it had tasted of the cup of sorrow,
Or seeds of future disappointment sown.

It was a child of rare uncommon beauty,
And Oh, my heart was grieved that it should learn
Thus early to neglect a present duty,
And for a pretext to the morrow turn.—

Alas! how soon we learn to place reliance,
On efforts to be made some future day;
Setting the present moment at defiance,
We pass our lives in listlessness away.

How many bright hopes which were fondly cherished
Have given place to wretchedness and tears;
How many dreams of future greatness perished,
Save in the memory of departed years!

Oh, if mankind would shun procrastination,
And count the present as of priceless worth;
How much remorse, and idle dissipation,
Might be forever banished from the earth.

Then let all those who bask in life's fair morning,
Seize on each moment of the present day;
Nor scorn to heed the friendly voice of warning,
Which kindly points the dangers of delay.

So shall success attend each wise endeavor,
And roses blossom through life's devious way;
The heart shall sink beneath its burthen—never,
While Hope's bright beams shall gild each passing day!

Middlebury, Vt. May, 1846.

A. H. M.

For the Rural Repository.

TO — ON BEHOLDING HER BLUSH DEEPLY.

BY L. D. WEBB.

THERE'S something in that deep'ning blush
Which mantles o'er that face of thine,
That speaks of worth more prized than all
The gems of far Golconda's mine.

It pictures forth in truest light,
A stainless purity within

And youthful innocence of mind,
Untouched by aught of wrong or sin.

I've gazed on beauty's form when decked
In all that taste and wealth combine;
Yet seemed no ornament so fair
As was that modest blush of thine.

And oh! what e'er thy lot may be,
That waits thee o'er life's checkered plain;
That faithful image of the soul,
Unsuited may 'st thou e'er retain.

East Clarendon, Vt. 1846.

For the Rural Repository

THE VOICE OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. E. W. REYNOLDS.

A voice went forth from Judah's plains,
Whose notes were soft and clear;
Its echoes reached the circling orbs,
And rang through every sphere!
Angelic spirits gazed without
Their gorgeous tents, and smiled
To see a Christian form stand forth,
Where stood the Pagan child!

The desert, where the lion roved,
And formed his fatal lair,
Shook off its robes of sable hue,
And dressed in verdure fair.
The fierce hyena left his prey
Unharmed, and bowed his head;
The king of beasts, no longer feared,
By infant forms was led.

The solitary wilderness
Dispelled its gloomy shade;
The hunter wound no more his horn,
Nor dyed his hunter-blade,
Devotion reared a Temple there,
With deathless beauty crowned,
While praising millions, ransomed, pure,
In meekness bowed around.

Dire Violence, that raging fiend,
Who cursed Creation long,
In adamantine fetters bound,
Chanted his burial song.
His heart was black; his eyes were fire;
His face with malice gleamed;
And like unto old Pluto's king
His horrid visage seemed!

Dark Desolation, with his car,
By three-score dragons drawn,
Now sought Oblivion's cold shades,
To rear his famelike throne.
A blooming landscape quickly rose
With May's fair carpet spread,
Adorned with colors rich enough
To tempt an angel's tread!

Love sat enthroned in regal state—
A Queen of matchless grace;
Immortal beauty shone upon
Her pure, angelic face.
'Twas her who sent Messiah forth
To stay the hands of sin,
And the vast universe of man,
Back to Jehovah win.

Love called her sister to her side—
Peace was the seraph's name,
And raised her spirit-breathing voice
This mandate to proclaim:
"Go, sister, crown my empire now
With olives, twined with care;
With odors sweet from India's vales,
Load down the balmy air.

"Then pluck for thee a laurel fair,
Thy noble brow to deck,
And bring an emblematic flower
To hang upon my neck.
Then speed the back, and share the throne
I've longed to proffer thee,
And be the graces of thy form
Reflected back in me!"

Java Village, N. Y. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

LIFE.

BY L. D. JOHNSON.

'Tis a frail bark that ploughs the world's wide sea,
Through storms of woe and waves of misery;
The sparkling wave in sportive grandeur rolls,
O'er lurking quicksands and dark unseen shoals,
And when the heart beats high with wild delight
Behold it founders—sinks in waves of night,
The pilot Hope points to the limpid stream,
Where flowery banks in smiling verdure teem,
And Faith the helmsman holds the rudder, breath,
Till anchored in the boundless haven, Death.

Fulton, N. Y. 1846.

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